

Bottle

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1729700) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1729700>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Transformers - All Media Types , Transformers: Prime
Character:	Alpha Trion , Orion Pax , Optimus Prime
Additional Tags:	Sparklings , Cutesy
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-02 Words: 571

Bottle

by [AndromedaPrime](#)

Summary

Alpha Trion tries to get baby Orion Pax used to a bottle

He knew the little bitlet was crying before his audios heard the wails. He felt the vibrations in the air as the sparkling rolled over in his berth and started whimpering.

Getting out of berth, he rummaged around in the cabinet nearby, grabbing a small bottle of pre-prepared artificial sparkling energon and heading for the small nursery just down the hall. He opened the door and saw the tiny sparkling in the sparkling berth wailing, legs drawn up to his chassis and arms stretched outward as he searched for nourishment.

Trion smiled at the mechling, scooping him up and tucking him into the crook of his arm as he placed the suction end of the bottle to the little mech's lipplates. Orion scrunched up his faceplates and turned his face away, palming at Trion's chestplates.

"There hasn't been anything there in eons, little one," Alpha Trion chuckled, offering the bottle to his grandson. Orion's bright blue optics watched it warily, tiny servos pushing against the offending object. He turned to the chestplates he was cradled against again, nuzzling his faceplates into the seam of his grandcreator's chassis.

"Nothing is there; not since your sire was a sparkling himself. Here, you need to drink this." Alpha Trion smiled down at the sparkling; it was all a matter of patience, as it was with every night. Orion babbled up at him, optics narrowed as if asking *How dare you offer this to me?*

The elderly mech walked around the room, bouncing his grandson up and down in his arms, having left the bottle leaning against a rail in the crib. Orion squirmed and babbled, his tiny black servos securing a grip on his armor. Bright blue optics stared at him again then around the room, then back at him. Those blue optics asking the same question over and over again: *Where is my carrier?*

Trion gently placed the mechling to lay over his shoulder, rubbing his backplates. Orion began fussing as his tank churned, crying. Alpha Trion grabbed the bottle again, settling Orion into his arms, and offered it to him. Orion stared suspiciously at it, but his hunger overrode his want for energon from his carrier, and he quickly accepted it. He gulped down energon greedily, optics looking up at his grandcreator with optics that said *You win this time around*.

Alpha Trion couldn't help but stifle a small laugh, as much as his spark hurt. Orion's sire wanted nothing to do with his son nor his carrier, and Orion's carrier...

Primus rest her spark.

Orion hiccupped, popping the bottle from his mouth as his entire frame jerked; the entire serving of energon was gone in record time. He began whimpering, tears filling his optics. As he did each night, Alpha Trion turned the mechling around in his arms so he was front-down, and began rubbing at his backstruts. Orion expelled the stuck air from his systems, and his whimpers ceased.

"There there, it wasn't so bad was it?"

Orion merely stared up at the mech holding him. That a sparkling so young could have such a flat look on their faceplates made Alpha Trion chuckle as he laid the bitlet back down to sleep. He kissed the now recharging sparkling on his helm crest. "You'll get used to that sort of energon one of these days, little one."

Orion chirred in his sleep, servos curling up and resting near his helm.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!